

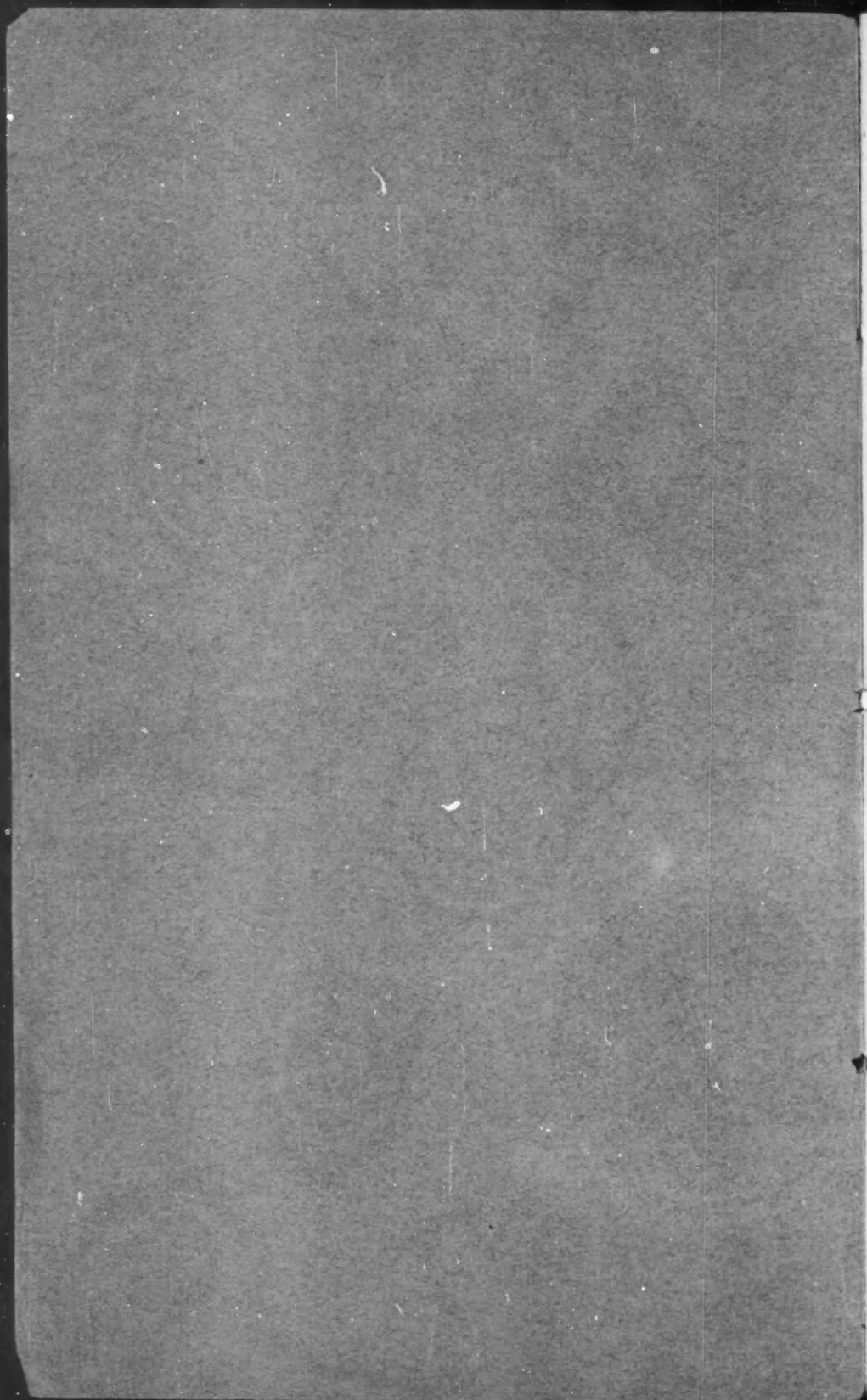
H. Dornington

THE CONSORT

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THE CONSORT
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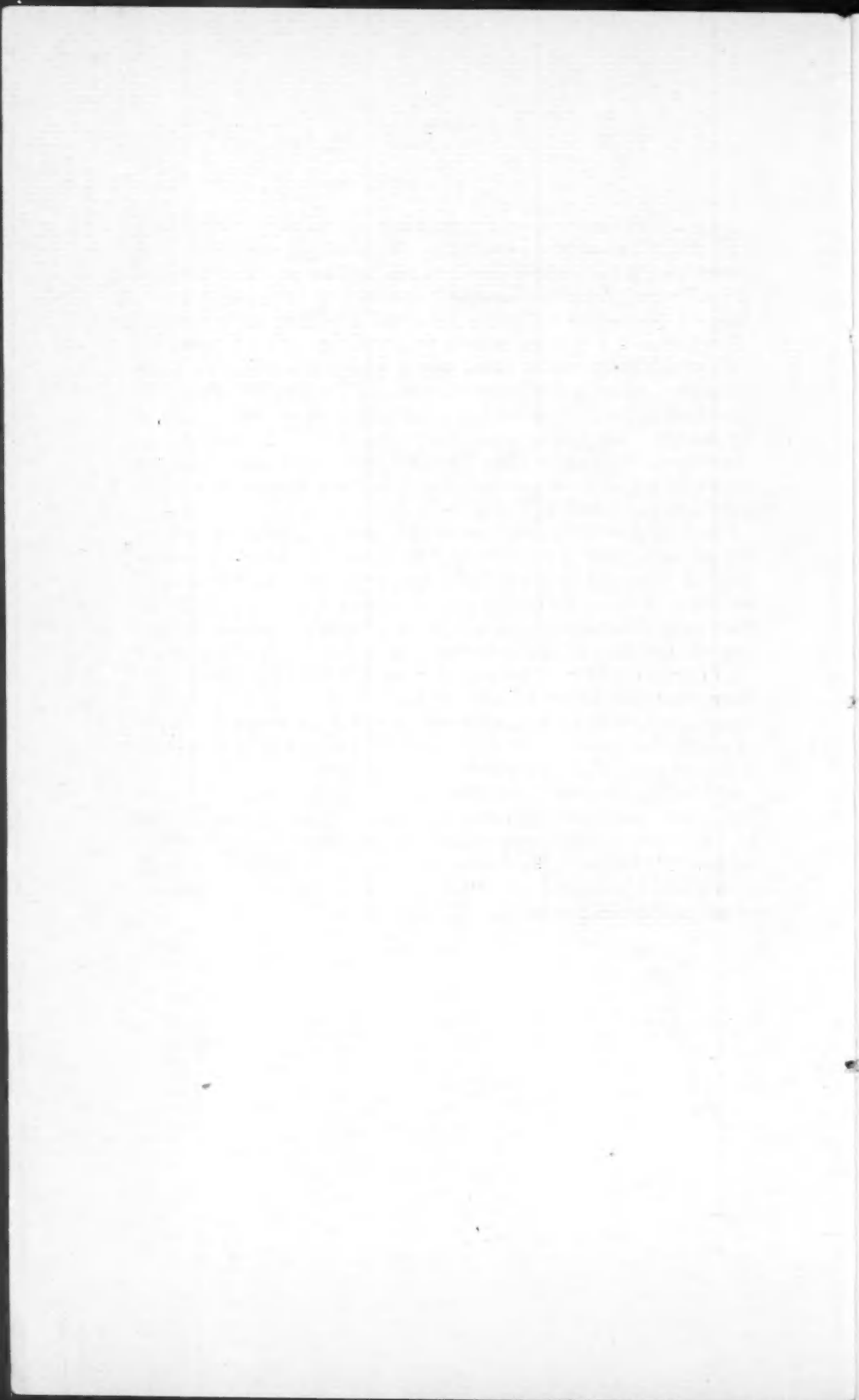
The end of the world.

FOREWORD

As in the case of certain analogous bodies in the realm of Art, the Dolmetsch Foundation has asked for subscriptions to assist a work from which members can look for no direct personal gain. There is not even the satisfaction that can be given by a body like the National Art Collections Fund, of seeing some tangible object such as a famous picture or statue, secured for posterity: only a faith that musical knowledge is being perpetuated by transmission through individuals. Nor can the Foundation offer to its members any of those privileges of admission to special collections by which other bodies can make some return for generosity. Therefore, *THE CONSORT* has been designed neither as a record of activities nor as a propaganda organ, but as a journal which it is hoped that members will value for its own sake.

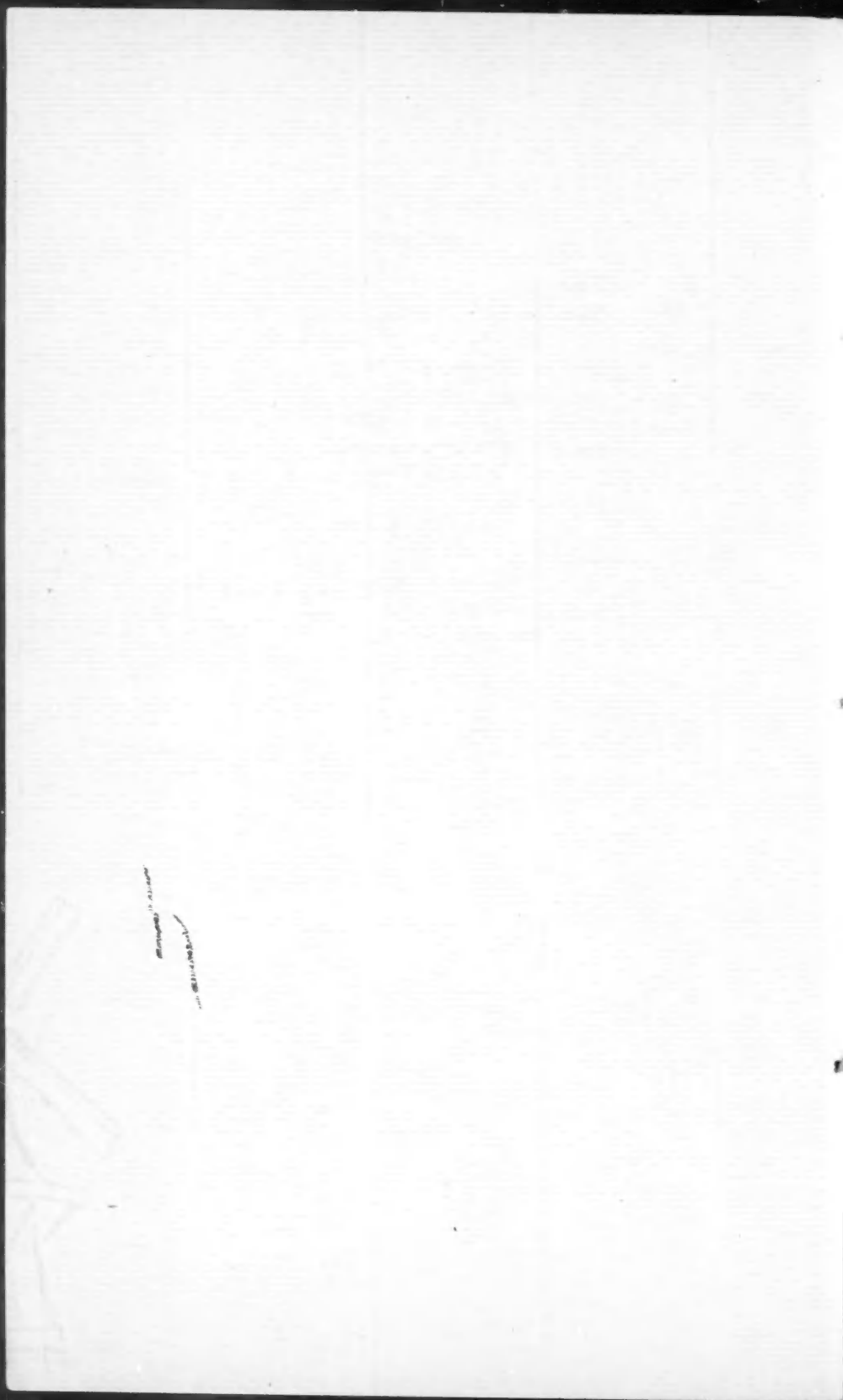
The appeal of the movement is wide, and to interest those who are not active musicians there are literary as well as musical contributions. Size and frequency of appearance must be governed by the state of the membership, and at present it will be possible to have only two numbers each year. The issue of each numbered copy is personal to the member to whom it is sent, and in no circumstances will *THE CONSORT* be for sale. Additional copies of the Supplement have been printed for the purpose of building up, for future use, sets of scores of early music which is at present difficult of access. In the second number, to be published early in next year, it is proposed to have some pieces for recorders.

The deep gratitude of the Governors must be recorded to those who have so generously given their work to *THE CONSORT*. In addition to those whose names appear in these pages, mention must be made of Mr Hubert J. Foss, who has designed the typography, and of Messrs. Henderson and Spalding, whose assistance with the actual production has been so valuable an asset.



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NOTES ON BACH'S
ORCHESTRATION
BY
W. G. WHITTAKER

WHEN the Editor asked me to write in defence of the use of the correct instruments in the performance of Bach's works, I felt that such an article in *THE CONSORT* might have too much the appearance of a piece of special pleading to carry conviction. It occurred to me, however, that by plagiarizing what I have said already in public upon the subject, I might escape this suspicion. And so it must not be set down to slackness if some of the following remarks bear a resemblance to portions of a lecture that I gave to the Musical Association in January of last year.

There has been a tendency to regard Bach as a crude and erring orchestrator and to think that his works are only palatable when modernized. Fortunately, this idea, like many others concerning the composer, is passing away, though much too slowly. One of the main troubles is that we began to perform Bach when we had become accustomed to big choral societies and when our sole idea of a choral work was thought of in terms of a battalion of 250 to 400 voices with an orchestra of 45 to 60. We at once see the absurdity of the situation if we consider the popular Cantata No. 106, *Actus Tragicus*. Its scoring is the most exquisite one could imagine—two flutes, two viole da gamba, and continuo. How is it possible to give any idea of this subtle scheme if one has a choir of 300? It has to be re-scored for modern forces and so becomes just as absurd a falsification as if we performed *The Ring* with, say, a violin or two, a piano, and a cornet. Bach has a marvellous power to survive even the most appalling desecration to which his music has been submitted. But it is a crying shame that it is so often performed in ways which falsify all his principles and which lead him to be regarded frequently as an out-of-date composer. We do not hang a solitary miniature on the wall of a great hall, neither do we fill the side of a small room with a large canvas. An intimate cantata must be given under intimate conditions.

The article on 'Orchestration' in the new *Grove* says: 'Neither to Bach nor to Handel was the art of the orchestra indebted for signs of development. To them the function of the orchestra was

accompaniment for the most part'. These are utterly inaccurate statements. If the orchestra was a mere matter of accompaniment, why did Bach write the Overtures and Brandenburg Concertos, and why did he put so many Sinfonias into his church cantatas? Far from being merely a matter of accompaniment, the orchestra is one of the chief factors in Bach's scheme of things. It is impossible to imagine his vocal works without the colour thus obtained. In the church cantatas alone, we find that there are 143 different orchestras demanded, and each of these furnishes several different groupings in the cantatas to which it belongs. Rarely that within the limits of one cantata is any orchestral combination used twice, except where large choruses demand the employment of all forces. How can it be said that a man who used so many hundreds of different combinations did nothing to advance orchestration? He was untiring in his lifelong search for variety of colour. Without doubt that art from the time of Haydn onwards moved on different lines, but at the present day there are many signs that composers are seeking for some type of method of expression similar to that used by Bach. He may yet exert almost as great an influence in orchestral writing as he has done in other branches. There are dozens of original combinations which appeal to us with great delight to-day. Could any more exquisite combination be found than in the Sinfonia to No. 152—flute, oboe, viola d'amore, viola da gamba, 'cello, and bass, or the soprano aria in the same cantata with its tender flute and viola d'amore? Can one dissociate No. 198, the *Trauerode*, from its scoring—two flutes, two oboi d'amore, strings with two lines of viola da gamba, and two lutes? The fact is that Bach thought just as much of his orchestra as did Wagner. It is because we have dealt sacrilegiously with his works that we have not discovered his charm in this direction.

To deal with the constituent members of the orchestra, we find differences even with the strings. The violin of those days, with its flatter bridge and outwardly arched bow, was a very different instrument from ours. Chords were more easily possible; the tone did not lack volume, but it was softer, less penetrating. Again, the violone, the true double bass of the viol family, is much more effective for the bass line than the modern double bass. The violone has a silky, subdued tone, which produces an ideal sixteen-foot effect. We lose a great deal by the want of viola da gamba players. It is earnestly to be hoped that the revival of interest which is now taking place in the music of that period will induce players to take up this and other dormant instruments. The viola da gamba can never be replaced by the 'cello; the two instruments belong to

widely different families. The loss is particularly noticeable in passages with chords. The six strings of the viola da gamba, the flat bridge and characteristic tuning, make chords sound smooth and easy, whereas, apart from the great difference in tone, they are rough and detached on the 'cello. The effect of the gambas in No. 106 (*Actus Tragicus*), and the obbligato of two gambas in No. 198 (*Trauerode*), one cannot capture by any other means. The use of the violoncello piccolo shows the crying need for the recovery of the true tenor violin. It is most unsatisfactory to both players and listeners to divide a real tenor part between the 'cellos and the violas.

The distinction between the recorder, or flute à bec, and the transverse flute is of great importance in Bach's orchestral design. There is much misunderstanding, to be found even in the new *Grove*, about the intonation and phrasing of the wood wind in Bach's day. Modern experience has shown that there is no reason why either should have been in the least faulty. The precise instructions in Quantz (1752) are obviously intended for practical use. In one matter we lose enormously at the present day, and that is in the rarity of the oboe d'amore. A general revival of this instrument is absolutely essential for the future. One finds it in no fewer than fifty-eight cantatas and many of the finest numbers are associated with it. There is a haunting beauty of tone and a tenderness which are inevitably linked up with the text and the general scheme. The difference of colour is subtle, but it is essential. If one has heard the alto aria, for instance, in No. 116, the last cantata the master ever wrote, with oboe d'amore, one never wants to hear it again with an ordinary oboe. Much the same applies to the use of the deeper oboe da caccia.

When problems in performing Bach's church cantatas are broached, the question of the trumpets is the first that comes to the fore. Much nonsense has been written about the impossibility of playing the high and rapid passages. The new *Grove* has a suggestion that is quite humorous. 'Again a theory, hitherto not put forward, may clear the air. Might there not have been among Bach's friends some executant who, by means of a secret invention of his own, was able to play the actual phrases and to soften what to modern ears are almost invariably harsh and piercing tones?' Bach began writing his high trumpet parts in 1704 and went on until at least 1734. His 'friend' must have had a long career and must have followed him from place to place! Was there another friend for the second line? Another absurd theory, in the same work, is that these parts were never played on the trumpets but

on the organ. A composer would not have gone on all his life writing elaborate parts in his scores if they were not performed. Bach was a practical musician and wrote for the forces he had to hand.

The whole point about the trumpet playing of Bach's day is summed up in a remark of Gevaert's, quoted by Schweitzer. 'It is simply a question of mouthpiece and technique.' My own experience entirely bears this out, but the difficulty is that professional players have to play the ordinary trumpet as well, sometimes the same day; they cannot get fully accustomed to the flatter mouthpiece of the long, high trumpet. They always say that if they could drop their usual instrument for two or three weeks there would be no difficulty.

These remarks barely touch the fringe of the vast subject of Bach's orchestration. The results of my own experience of the practical performance of his works have convinced me of the necessity of recovering many instruments that have for long been regarded as obsolete. I am equally convinced that such a recovery must be accompanied by the correct technique in their use. That is one reason why I feel that all true lovers of Bach's music owe a great debt to Mr Arnold Dolmetsch.

ROSE
BY
WALTER DE LA MARE

'Tis now three centuries gone
Since Thomas Campion
Left men his airs, his verse, his careful prose.
Few other memories
Have we of him or his,
And of his sister none—but that her name was Rose.

Woodruff and moschatel
Only more fragrant smell
When into brittle dust their blossoming goes.
His too a garden sweet,
Where rarest beauties meet,
And, as a child, he shared them with his Rose.

Faded from record now,
Cheek, mouth, and childish brow.
Where, too, her phantom wanders no man knows.
Yet when in undertone
His happy lute pines on,
Ringings with things he loved, it sings of Rose.

JOHN JENKINS
BY
LL. WYN GRIFFITH

JOHN JENKINS was born at Maidstone in 1592, and died at Kimberley in Norfolk in 1678. The eighty-six years of his life consist of a boyhood under the last of the Tudors, a youth and manhood under the Stuarts, and an old age that saw the Civil War and the Restoration. We know little of his early career as a player and composer: for us he springs out of the pages of Anthony à Wood as a master, chief of his contemporaries, 'the mirror and wonder of his age for music . . . the prime composer living in the latter end of the reign of King Charles I, in the reign of Oliver Cromwell and King Charles II'. In this period Thomas Tomkins, Coperario, Ferrabosco, and Michael Easte were in their maturity, and if in our day their renown is greater than that of Jenkins, it can be attributed entirely to the prominence of their vocal music in the present revival of the madrigal composers. For John Jenkins is chiefly an instrumental composer, and until his *Fantasies for Viols* are better known, we cannot expect the generality of musicians in our time to accept the verdict of his contemporaries, Anthony à Wood and Roger North.

In his writings, North gives a vivid picture of the man, coloured by the great affection that Jenkins inspired in him. 'I was instituted', he says, 'by that eminent master of his time, Mr Jenkins. He was a person of much easier temper than any of his faculty: he was neither conceited nor morose, but much a gentleman. . . He was welcome to the house of all lovers, and particularly with us, being resident in the house for divers years. . . After the Court was disbanded he left the town and passed his time at gentlemen's houses in the country where music was of the family. . . And in most of his friends' houses there was a chamber called by his name, for besides his musical excellencies he was an accomplished ingenious person.' Another testimony to his genius and character follows, even more striking because of its unexpectedness in the worldly days of the Restoration. 'And he kept his places at Court, as I understood to the time of his death, and when he for many years was incapable to attend: the Court Musicians had so much value for him that advantage was not taken, but he received his salary as they were paid.'

His compositions were very numerous, and enough have survived to lend credibility to North's statement that 'there were more consorts of his composing went about among the performers in his time than of all the rest of his contemporaries, till he had got almost the monopoly of consort music'. Some thirty years after Jenkins had died, in a musical environment almost wholly Italian in sympathy, North turns back to record his critical opinion of his viol music. He praises Jenkins as an innovator, a master of elegant counterpoint, lively and decided in his style, notable for his freedom of invention, and endowed with the ability to combine individual parts of great beauty into an attractive whole. He dismisses his vocal music with the remark that 'he retained his instrumental style so much that few of them [his songs] were greatly approved'. This may with fairness be taken to represent the opinion of his contemporaries. It also shows that the conception of an inherent difference between the instrumental and the vocal style is not so recent an affair as some would imagine.

To us, after an interval of two centuries, John Jenkins stands as the last of the great contrapuntists, for that restless experimenter, Matthew Locke, was struggling to escape from the tradition. Jenkins spent the greater part of his life in the country, undistracted, in an atmosphere of affection, sharing the quiet routine of an English country house with men and women of culture. There is in his music no shadow of the disturbances of war and intrigue, nor of the anxiety that formed the background of these years. It is, above all things, a reflection of the serenity of his inner life. He turns from sweet to sad, from sparkling brilliance to tender meditation, with no more than a passing reference to sorrow. Grief, and the burden of the tragic hours, find no voice in his music; we see him as a man able to record his conviction of the ultimate triumph of beauty.

As far as we know, the set of eighteen five-part Viol Fantasies in the British Museum represents his greatest work, and it is not too much to say that an intimate knowledge of them ought to be part of the equipment of every musician. They form a corpus of chamber music, ranging through a great variety of style, never falling below a high level of technical achievement in part-writing, often rising superbly to such a height that all question of how and why becomes almost irrelevant. Of these, the best known is No. 1, in D major, reproduced in score in this number of *THE CONSORT*. It is beyond all need of praise. In form it is classical, following the practice of a fugal opening, a change of theme and style, and a broadening out into a triumphant close. The first theme is long-

limbed, the second a quickly-moving commentary, the third a trumpet sound, and in order to appreciate the craft that enabled Jenkins to weave these themes into a pattern of such beauty, the reader of the score should turn himself into a player, choosing a part and following it from beginning to end. When this has been done five times, he will realize that all the variety of colouring has entailed no sacrifice of interest and freedom in any one voice, and that it is possible to write a bass part that can support the harmony without ceasing to be itself a melody.

Of the other five-part fantasies, some exploit the use of instrumental colour in episodes, a trio of high viols answered by a trio of low tenors and bass; some are playful, sprinkled with detached notes; one employs a bright trumpet-like theme in a quick and restless manner. Another is built in symphonic style, with a slow and rich opening; the last is made up in the form of a pavan. His four-part fantasies are in a lighter vein, but his three-part fantasies are more representative. Of his other works, such as a large group of pieces for four viols to the organ, the trios for violin, viola da gamba, and organ, we can only say that the few that have been tried are worthy of Jenkins. His six-part viol fantasies have not yet been played.

Two quotations from Roger North will serve to end this introduction to John Jenkins and his works.

Of his music:

'It is not like a hurry of action, as looking on at a battle, where the concern for one side or other makes a pleasure, but like sitting in a pleasant cool air in a temperate summer evening. . .'

And of the man:

' . . . he was certainly a very happy person, for he had an uninterrupted health and was of an easy temper, superior in his profession, well accepted by all, knew no want, saw himself outrun by the world, and having lived a good Christian, died in peace.'

DEATH
OF THE OLD
GOVERNESS
Fragment
from an unpublished
novel
BY
STORM JAMESON
The date of
this episode is
1886

‘WHAT a life I have had,’ Miss Flora said happily.
‘The infinite mercies of God and Mr Mompes.’

What life could she have had? Mary Hervey wondered. She knew its spare outline—a timid girl, the daughter of an Army chaplain, who died of fever; his wife hastily took the infection and followed him, leaving their only child to make what profit she could of ignorance and virtue: she went from family to family, leaving with each a little of her youth, her courage, and her spirit: at the time she reached Hansyke Manor she had already been made bankrupt for all three. After that, what had she become? a voice to which no one listened, an unregarded hand, turning over the pages of Mary’s life: she had been with Mary when her son was born, had patched Mary’s shabby dresses in Mark Henry Garton’s house over the old ship-yard, had cried over her when she married Hugh Hervey; why, she had known Mary Hansyke longer than any person still living; she was her childhood, her youth, half her life—but what was she of herself?

Mary was put to it not to fall asleep. Miss Flora’s room was warm and quiet: Miss Flora herself had not moved since she made her amazing comment. She lay, like a blown leaf, between the window and the wall. Was she asleep?—or rehearsing one of the propitiatory little speeches with which she had been accustomed to brave a new situation? ‘I think—a fine day, ma’am. Oh yes, yes—I am prepared to—but of course—I can take my meals *anywhere*.’

She seemed struggling to speak: Mary bent over her. ‘You were always a kind little girl’, Miss Flora said clearly. ‘I was sure you

would never run away with Mr Hardman. You have too much goodness.' She closed her eyes again. Mary thought she had fallen asleep . . .

Miss Flora walked down the aisle of St Mary's Church at Danes-acre. She could not remember how she had come there: she must have walked along the narrow, cobbled gully of Harbour Street, climbed two hundred steps to the dizzy edge of the cliff, looked back at the little town lying, far below her, in the lip of the harbour, heard gulls screaming, seen the sharp flash of wings in the sun-shine, felt the flagged path warm under her feet. She remembered none of these things. The old church was filled with people: every square pew had its count of heads, the sun poured in through the shallow windows that reminded her of the windows in a fisherman's cottage, the three-decker pulpit swayed like the mast of a ship in the bright light. All these people were here for her: she turned and looked at them from the nave, with pity and affection: what could she say to them? 'I *will* be good', she said earnestly. It was the right thing to have said: the musicians in the gallery smiled and nodded their heads at her; they lifted their bows and played. Music flowed through the church, loud, familiar, enchanting—*Scenes that are Brightest*: her heart beat joyously in her side. 'How happy I am', she said: 'how delightful this is.' She knew now that she had come to be married; she glanced shyly at the tall bridegroom, whose averted face—he had not looked at her—had a formidable gravity, very comforting to her gentle spirit. The music grew louder and clearer; it thundered over her; she felt herself being penetrated and dissolved by it, and in the last recesses of her mind another thought stirred: what, when all these good people went away, leaving them together, would happen to her? 'I shall have a baby', she thought: a dreadful pang sundered that dissolving body, and Miss Flora shuddered. 'He will kiss me with the kisses of his mouth,' she said.

The scene vanished—and she forgot it—like a dream. Now she saw that she was in bed; the sides of the bed rose to an immense height: she looked up between them to receive the last messages of the light. For a moment, she saw Mary's face, close and distinct. 'A wilful girl', she thought, 'but not wicked—never wicked.' She shut her eyes. An unfamiliar voice said gently: 'She's sinking fast'. Miss Flora heard it. 'I didn't know we were at sea', she thought drowsily. Time had been playing its tricks on her again. As she thought that, it played its last.

The doctor was short-sighted: he had to get down on his knees to satisfy himself that the old lady was dead. 'A quiet end', he

observed. 'It's all over now, Mrs Hervey. They die easily, at her age.' The brain in the tired body was still living; it lived on for a moment after he had spoken, an inconceivably fine thread binding her to the farthest star: when that snapped, Miss Flora and time were quits.

HOME MUSIC
*The causes of its decay
and how to
re-establish
it*

BY

ARNOLD DOLMETSCH

IN THE sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was music in every English home. Some people did not go beyond popular tunes and hymns, but many could play a part in these wonderful consorts of viols and other instruments, and sing madrigals, to their great benefit and joy.

How is it that nowadays, with such a multitude of certificated teachers, and almost every child taking music lessons, how is it that home music has practically disappeared?

Its downward course began with the growth of public concerts and the consequent multiplication of virtuosi, which dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century. The movement started slowly. It was thought at first that music would benefit by it, and perhaps it did, but, eventually, public concerts and virtuosi proved to be the greatest enemies of music. Composers devoted themselves more and more to public music. Their compositions, having to exhibit the skill of professional players, became too difficult for amateurs.

Those who wanted to play new music tried to acquire some of the skill of the virtuosi; but virtuosi are born, not made, although the gift of music belongs practically to all.

Teachers began to devise short cuts to the acquisition of technique. Scales and exercises started, modestly at first, soon becoming more and more absorbing. Now, the pursuit of technique has almost destroyed music, and yet the desired technique is hardly ever attained.

If one remembers that music can only affect the mind through the ear, it becomes clear that the prolonged making of uninteresting, unmusical sounds must harden the ear and eventually destroy the power of listening, for one cannot continue to listen to mechanical, meaningless sounds. For this reason, the more people practise, the more incapable they become of accompanying, or taking part in concerted music. They are not used to listening to other players, or even their own playing. Moreover, there being no rhythm in technical exercises, the sense of rhythm, which is so

subtle, becomes impaired. Then again, our music is based on harmony, or rather, on combinations of parts. The feeling for parts is blunted by technical exercises.

Thoughtful musicians are well aware of the inefficiency of music students. Not perceiving its real cause, they devise means of correction such as eurhythmics, ear training, appreciation classes, and the like.

Each of these merely becomes one more branch of technique and improves nothing. An appalling amount of time and money is wasted on these soul-destroying pursuits. True, teachers live by it, examinations are passed which satisfy the parents, for a time, and bring fortune to the examiners. But, look round and see what remains a few years after the lessons have been stopped!

What is the remedy, then? First, realize that technique cannot be acquired first and music afterwards. Secondly, that notation and theory cannot be learned first and lead to music. It is as absurd as trying to teach a child to read before you allow him to speak. Therefore, music only should be the foundation of all studies. No drudgery. No preparation for a future you only have remote chances to attain. Every moment should give joy and satisfaction as well as direct results. Sufficient technique will naturally develop for the execution of all that the mind understands. Fireworks may be postponed indefinitely. Music cannot wait.

At the beginning of my career, I was appointed violin master at the Dulwich College.

I began teaching in the usual way, with scales and exercises. The pupils had but little time for practice. I could not interest them. Something had to be done, for I could not go on ploughing the sands, though I was paid for it. I tried to make them love music by teaching them good, simple tunes, and nothing else. To my astonishment they played them well, far better than I should have thought possible, without technique. Pieces of Purcell, Corelli, and Handel followed and also succeeded. Then I formed an orchestra adding violas and basses. In about two years they played suites of Purcell, Concertos of Corelli, Handel, even Bach. Their execution had kept abreast of their musical development.

At that time, my growing interest for the old music and instruments forced me to give up teaching.

Meanwhile, I learnt from the books of the old masters how they taught music.

When my eldest daughter, Cecile, reached the age of five or so, I started her on a viol. She made rapid progress and soon joined her father and mother in consorts.

I did the same with my other children as they grew up. Eventually we were six at home capable of playing anything without having to consider whether it was difficult or not.

'But', people said, and I almost believed it, 'your children are exceptionally gifted, your system would not do for ordinary pupils'. It does. I tried a dozen ordinary girls at a school opposite my house in Haslemere. Viols being out of the question, I used violins, violas, 'cellos, and a double bass. I fretted them like viols and had them played downwards with the viol bowing. In a few months, we had a good orchestra. Eventually the school had to be closed, the health of the head-mistress failing.

Then, I took the boys and girls of the Preparatory School for Bedales, at Petersfield. Ages six to twelve. I had meanwhile further improved my method of teaching. The result was good beyond belief. Complete understanding of music, perfect ensemble, good phrasing, unbounded love and enthusiasm, rendered their playing more touching and enjoyable than that of any professional orchestra.

They played old English music, Purcell, Corelli, Handel, Bach, my own pieces, and even bits of Wagner equally well. It seems incredible, but it is true.

The children learnt their parts by ear, phrase by phrase, which made bad phrasing impossible. They knew the other parts and could even interchange when occasion arose. The bass and inner parts interested them more than the first violin. There was no conducting. All was done for the ear through the ear. Being used to listening from the start, naturally their ensemble was perfect.

When they grew big enough, they put their violins under the chin. The frets were removed one by one when their ears and fingers were sufficiently trained.

I taught them notation as soon as the desire for it came. It gave no trouble.

All my children can teach on my method. Rudolph and Cecile have continued my work at Petersfield. Rudolph has two excellent orchestras of his own. Lately he trained some of the scouts at Haslemere, and got very good music from them.

What is the moral of all this? Ordinary methods of teaching must be scrapped. How the teachers will do it remains a big question. They will have to get over their own training, as I have done; then train themselves, or come to Haslemere to be trained by one of us. With a real love of music and enough enthusiasm it is possible. I can assure you that music done the right way will make you not only happy and wise, but better men and women.

THE
DOLMETSCH
FOUNDATION
BY
LIONEL GLOVER

THE Foundation's next step, already too long deferred, must be an intensive appeal for membership to all who are sympathetic to its aims. This appeal is to be issued immediately in the form of a letter to the press and all members will receive copies, which they are urged to make use of for local propaganda.

This appeal, though it will be widely directed, must of necessity attract primarily the initiated, and it is one of our fundamental difficulties that the only effective propaganda is that addressed to the ear by the music itself. The vicious circle is that the aims of the Foundation can be appreciated only by those who know the music, and the chief aim of the Foundation is to increase the opportunities of hearing the music.

None the less it is true that there are many who in recent years have had their ears opened, and who have not yet joined the Foundation. It is now essential that all who, throughout the country, individually or in groups, are convinced aesthetically of the value of the music should join to form a solid nucleus of active sympathizers supporting the Foundation by their numbers, by their subscriptions according to their ability, and by personal propaganda.

With such a nucleus we can then reach another circle—first, the friends of active sympathizers, and secondly, the curious and open-minded; while all the time—and in proportion as the Foundation is supported—the circle of those who have heard and understood is growing. Then will come the beginnings of district organization and the arrangement of local concerts on a definite plan.

In the meantime, what we can give to members is much less than we must ask from them. Let no one fail to realize that the time is critical, if only in its opportunities. The reaction against what seem to us dangerous tendencies in modern music has set in all over musical Europe, and the supremacy of a few virtuosi and a few instruments is threatened. Demands for the music of the best English period are growing, and the demands are being met too often by makeshifts which are sometimes fatal, always dangerous.

In Germany at any rate there is already a demand for makeshift instruments. It was to meet this situation that the Foundation raised money for the enlargement of the Haslemere workshops on the one hand and on the other created scholarships for scholars who will be among the performers, teachers, and craftsmen of the future.

Money is still needed to make the new workshop a worthy 'Foundation House'. Further, it must be remembered that the Haslemere workshops, though steadily turning out remunerative work in increasing quantities, are also a laboratory of research. Mr Dolmetsch's brain, which has never been so fertile, advances from problem to problem, and even in the recorder department, probably the most definitely productive department of all, Mr Carl Dolmetsch has recently introduced a striking improvement for which he has received an award from the Foundation, and he has another in hand at the present time.

I have spoken above of the nucleus of active members in relation to the Foundation; let me now speak of them in relation to the movement, that is to say, as musicians. It is true that opportunities for hearing and playing the music are limited outside Haslemere and London, and all active members will therefore do their utmost to visit or revisit Haslemere for the annual Festival. There they receive a warm welcome and learn more in a week than they could elsewhere in a year. In London, besides the regular series of Dolmetsch concerts, there are viol and recorder consorts, playing under Mr Rudolph Dolmetsch. But even those who are beyond the reach of these have only to create the demand and there is a fair assurance that it will be met in not too long a time. Let them at least buy a recorder and see what happens.

BOOKS ON INSTRUMENTS

BY

GERALD HAYES

I

REQUESTS are frequently made by members of the Foundation for details of the early treatises on music. The following notes have been compiled as a guide to some of the more important works. It is not often realized how rich this literature is in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the present list contains only a selection of such items as are of practical value for the history and technique of instruments.

The books may be divided into three classes:

- a* general works on music which include a section on instruments.
- b* general works dealing with instruments only.
- c* works on individual instruments.

Useful information is also to be obtained from some theoretical works (e.g., Bottrigaro, *Il Desiderio*, 1594) and from the prefatory matter to volumes of instrumental music (e.g., Narbaez, *Los Seys Libros del Delphin*, 1538; Ortiz, *Trattado de Glosas*, 1553), but here attention must be confined to the principal books falling into the above three classes.

The supreme importance of the correct use of ornaments in all instrumental playing makes a knowledge of this aspect essential. Mr Dolmetsch has saved us the trouble of referring to contemporary works by collecting, and describing instrumentally, practically all the necessary data, in the form of exactly identified quotations which are collated and illustrated with reference to their type, period, and country: *The Interpretation of the Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, Novello, 1915.

In the following list, works of which modern editions may be obtained are prefaced by F for facsimile and P for reprint. A large proportion of the books in their original editions may be consulted in the British Museum. It need hardly be said that all the books are scarce, but some are much more so than others; the indications given are only rough suggestions: 'rare' means that, if a copy is offered for sale, it may be expected to be priced at about £50 or over: 'very rare', that the price would run into some hundreds: 'unobtainable', that either only one or two copies are known to exist, or that practically all the copies are locked up in public libraries.

Class A

- LANFRANCO—*Scintille di Musica*. Brescia, 1533. Italian. Rare.
- ZACCONI—*Prattica di Musica*. Venice, 1592 (1596). Italian.
- CERRETO—*Della Prattica Musica*. Naples, 1601. Italian. Rare.
- CERONE—*El Melopeo*. Naples, 1613. Spanish. Instrumental section based on Zacconi, but contains additional matter. Very rare.
- MERSENNE—*Harmonie universelle*. Paris, 1636-7. French: illustrated. The great treasure house of detailed information upon all instruments. Unobtainable.
- MERSENNE—*Instrumentorum Harmonicorum*. Paris, 1636 (1648). Latin: illustrated. A condensed version of the preceding item.
- KIRCHER—*Mursurgia universalis*. Rome, 1650. Latin: illustrated.
- PLAYFORD—*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*. London, 1654 (and nineteen later editions to 1722). English: illustrated. Viols and (after third edition) violins.

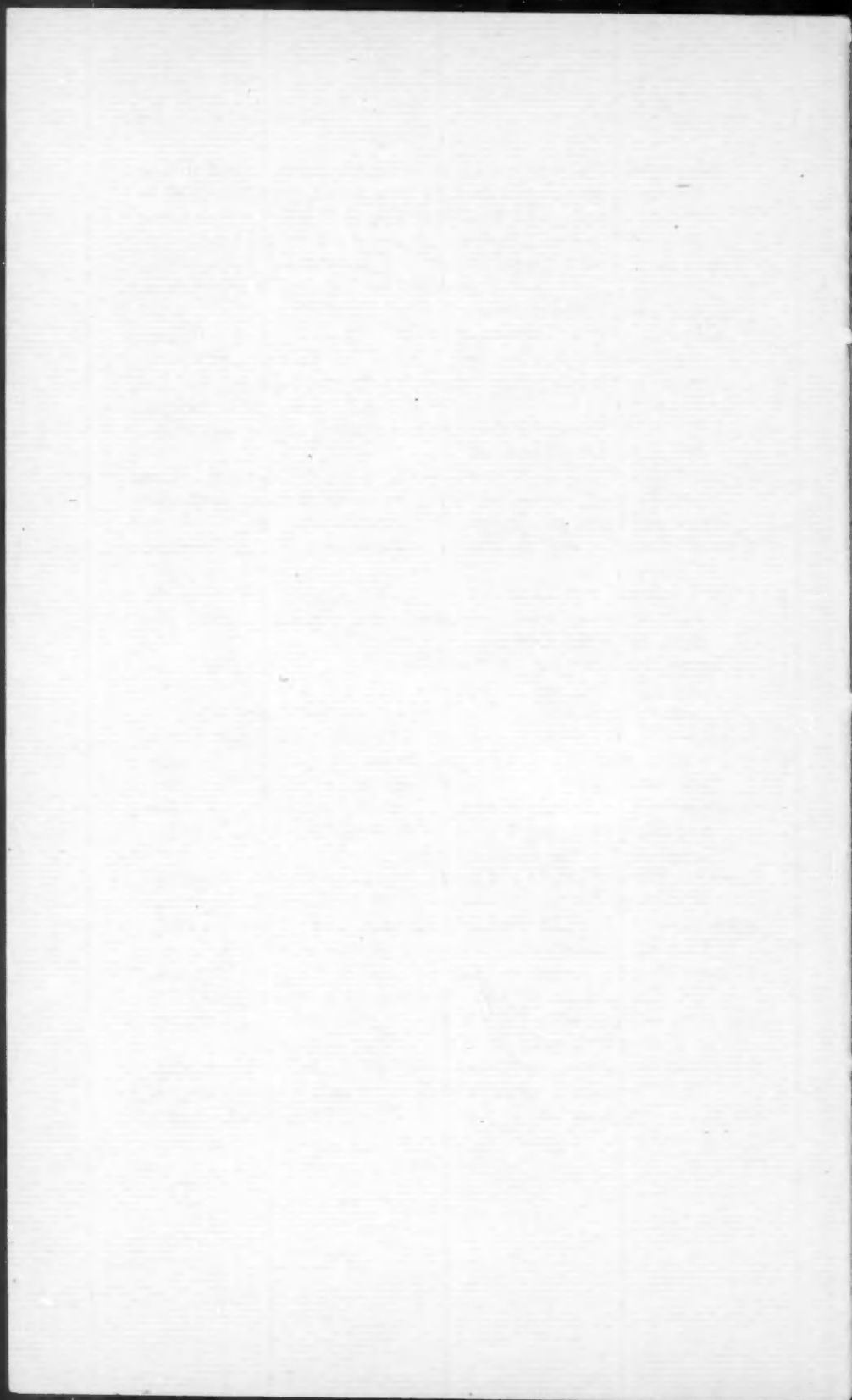
Class B

- F. VIRDUNG—*Musica getutscht*. Basle, 1511. German: illustrated. The first book on instruments. Unobtainable. Latin version by Nachtgall (Luscinius) with changes, 1536. Rare.
- P. AGRICOLA—*Musica instrumentalis deudsch*. Wittenberg, 1528 (many later editions; but edition 1545 is so changed that it must be considered as a separate work). German: illustrated. Essential for the early period. Rare.
- BERMUDO—*Declaraciõ de Instrumentos*. Orsuna, 1555. Spanish: illustrated (diagrams). Plucked and keyboard instruments only. Very rare.
- P. PRAETORIUS—*Syntagma musicum*. Wolfenbüttel. Tom. II, 1618; Tom. III, 1619 (*Schiagraphia*—vol. of plates—dated 1620, but usually bound up with Tom. II, which contains references to it). German: illustrated. Tom. II, as necessary as Mersenne. Tom. III contains studies of instrumental combinations that foreshadow the science of orchestration. Very rare.
- MATTHESON—*Das Neu-Eröffnete Orchestre*. Hamburg, 1713. German. Represents a period of change and must therefore be read with caution.
- P. QUANTZ—*Versuch einer Anweisung die Flöte traversiere zu spielen*. Berlin, 1752. German (French edition same place and year). Deals individually with all members of the orchestra. Should be in the hands of everyone dealing with XVIIIth century music.

Class C

- I.—*Lute and Viol*. These two instruments are included in one section to save duplication, as they are so often treated of in the same work. The literature of the lute is so extensive that only a few instructional works can be mentioned here.
- ATTAINGNANT—*Tres breve et familiere introduction*. Paris, 1529. French. Lute: instructions for tuning and playing from tablature. Unobtainable.
- F. GANASSI—*Regola Rubertina*. 2 vols. Venice, 1542-43. Italian. Viols, alone and in consort (part of Vol. II. deals with technique of the lute). The most complete text book on practical use of viols. Vol. II includes elaborate details of technique for rapid divisions and for the most advanced positions of the left hand. Unobtainable.
- GERLE—*Musica teusch*. Nuremberg, 1532 (1537). German. Viols and Rebecs: concerted music for both families, with and without voice. An important work. Unobtainable.
- GERLE—*Tablatur auff die Laudten*. Nuremberg, 1533. German. Unobtainable.
- FRAY THOMAS—*Arte de tañer Fantasia*. Valladolid, 1565. Spanish. Deals with keyboard instruments and plucked vihuela: also music for viols. Very rare.
- LE ROY—*Instruction for the Lute*. London, 1574. English. The only surviving edition (in a unique copy) of translations of a popular French work. Many misprints. See Barley *infra*.
- BARLEY—*A New Booke of Tabliture*. London, 1596. Lute. Taken bodily from Kingston's translation of Le Roy, without acknowledgement, but correcting the misprints. Very rare.
- ROBINSON—*The Schoole of Musicke*. London, 1603. English. Lute and Bass Viol; but, in spite of title-page promises, has very little to say of the viol. Very rare.
- DOULAND [R.]—*Varietie of Lute Lessons*. London, 1610. English. With Besardo's treatise and notes by J. Douland. Very rare.
- SIMPSON—*The Division Viol(-ist)*. London, 1659 (1667; 1712). English: illustrated. The locus classicus of the viol.
- MACE—*Musick's Monument*. London, 1678. English. Lute and viol. Nothing can excuse ignorance of this masterpiece.
- ROUSSEAU—*Traité de la Viole*. Paris, 1687. French. The definitive treatise on the technique of the viols of all sizes.
- BARON—*Untersuchung des Instruments der Lauten*. Nuremberg, 1727. German. A valuable study of the lute in its later stages.
- LE BLANC—*Défense de la Basse de Viole*. Amsterdam, 1740. French. Full of useful information.

(To be continued)



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